Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In generall synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and fellowes from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's for a Iig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatning the flames.
With *Bisson* rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone, good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed; doe you heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honour and dignitie, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou here

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure*. *Exeunt Polon. and Players.*

Ros. Good my Lord. *Exit.*

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suting
VVith formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.
VVhat's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like *Iohn*-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
VVho calls me villain, breaks my pate a crosse,
Plucks off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, gives me the ly i'th throat
As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,
Hah! s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall